Trope: Awkward Date (Valhalla Enchanted - Modern AU)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20441138.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Valhalla Rising, Ella Enchanted (2004), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)/One Eye (Valhalla Rising)
Characters:	One Eye (Valhalla Rising), (Frank is One Eye), Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha One Eye (Valhalla Rising), Omega Prince Char, Sequel, Tropes, Awkward Dates, Lunch date, trying to take it slow, after putting the cart before the horse, Char has no idea how to date, Awkward Conversations, Clumsiness, Museum Date, Kissing, Public Display of Affection, references to Overcoming, Rutting, Nipple Play, Knotting, Getting to Know Each Other, Happy Ending, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Prompt Fill, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, can be read as traditional or multisex omega
Language:	English
Series:	Part 29 of Trope Trope: Exploring fic tropes in an Omegaverse setting, Part 72 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 96 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Collections:	#SummertimeSlick
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-29 Words: 4,969 Chapters: 1/1

Trope: Awkward Date (Valhalla Enchanted - Modern AU)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Char, the once sexually assured and popular omega, has no idea how to actually date.

Sequel to Trope: College AU (Valhalla Enchanted - Modern AU)

Notes

Finally! The last of my prompt fill giveaways! This time for JadeGreenWorks/Purefoysgirl, who asked for a sequel of my Trope: College AU (Valhalla Enchanted - Modern AU) fic, which was inspired by her wonderful Overcoming.
Weirdly I think that was one of the fics that I got the most requests for a sequel for in the comments. So I hope everyone enjoys this!

- Inspired by Overcoming by purefoysgirl

It felt like a lot had happened since Halloween. A lot and yet not so much at all.

At Halloween Char and Frank had ended up in bed together. Ended up getting to know each other rather intimately, and certainly well enough that Char really wanted to see Frank again once the frat party was over.

But Frank seemed hesitant, despite initially being eager. Via text he was clearly interested, Char could imagine him blushing whilst typing out some of the messages he sent, that were practically love notes. But the few times they had managed to see each other in person, on campus between classes, it had been awkward.

Char wasn't sure how it was meant to work with these things. Maybe they should just stick to the hot sex and not worry about anything else?

The thought made him feel a weird sensation in his belly, and it wasn't pleasant at all.

Char rubbed his hands on his skinny jeans, though it doesn't seem to do much to alleviate the sweat and he just had no idea why he was this nervous!

Well, that's not quite true.

Char nibbled on his lower lip as he thought about Frank. They'd had an amazing night together, truly beyond anything Char had experienced before with anyone. But he had no idea how to turn that into something more, despite Frank's clear desire for them to. He knew the fault lay with him and the awkwardness between them was just a result of that.

In truth, Char had no idea how to date. No idea how to be around someone that way. Every time he'd been jovial or flirtatious with someone it was during sex or at least ended with sex. He was a popular omega and that had always given him plenty of options. Options he'd been happy to take up most of the time.

And maybe this was a stupid idea? The dating, and also this date in particular. He had just tried to think of something they could do that Frank might be interested in. Something intelligent and thoughtful rather than just a bar or something like that. So instead it was a day time date - lunch and a historical house, which they could then go look around afterwards. Like something from some bodice busting romance.

Char's lips twitched into a smile as he considered the idea that Frank had suggested Char had meant this as a nod to his courtesan costume at Halloween. The thought, the memory, made Char a little wet, which he was sure was not the most appropriate reaction.

He really was someone that didn't do dates.

Even so, Char stood in the foyer of the grand house, waiting for Frank so they could go through to the very posh restaurant.

Char looked down at his flowy shirt, pulling it down at the hem a little to try and make sure it was sitting right, just a little tiny bit off of the right shoulder. A comfortable amount of flesh on show.

He put a lot of effort into his appearance and was glad that the weather was nice and autumnal, not too sunny, so his little bit of makeup didn't sweat.

Not that Frank gave a shit, he was sure. Char was sure he could turn up wearing a ball gown fashioned out of garbage bags and Frank wouldn't care.

Which in anyone else would have annoyed Char. It would have felt like a dismissal of the effort he put in. But he didn't get that impression from Frank. He would just be content with Char however he came. And that was one of the many reasons Char was stood waiting for the alpha despite the weirdness that seemed to prevail when they saw each other in person.

Char stopped fiddling with his shirt and looked up. He startled and stepped back a pace, almost losing his footing, when he realised there was a darkly dressed figure looming in front of him.

Then large, familiar hands took his shoulders and gently righted him before he could lose his balance entirely.

Char was breathless as he looked up at Frank with a shy smile.

"I would say thanks but it was your fault I nearly fell, so it was quite right for you to catch me," Char scalded playfully and Frank smiled, running his hands down from Char's shoulders to his hands and taking hold of them.

Char was so caught in the tenderness of the gesture, of how much emotion Frank could convey without words, that he didn't even care about his sweaty palms.

Frank jerked his head towards the restaurant and Char smiled and nodded.

*

The restaurant was beautiful. Done up to fit the era of the house itself, the menu was a modern take on some of the historical dishes that might have been served at parties and balls. Definitely it pressed home the memories of Char's Halloween costume, as accidental as that had been. And it didn't seem to be lost on Frank whose gentle glances made him tremble a little as they ate.

Char wished he was as good as Frank at conveying more than words, and he also kicked himself that he hadn't done more yet to learn sign language.He'd looked up the classes but couldn't work them around his studies until the next semester, so had resolved to take a crash course during the winter break.

But for now, Char was unhappy with himself that this meant Frank was having to use the little wipe clean pad and pen he'd brought with him. They were conveniently pocket sized but Char hated that Frank had to make that effort.

It struck Char that he had already found a way to communicate wordlessly with Frank, and couldn't help but think about the possibilities. The temptation to slip a foot out of his clompy but cute boots and run it up Frank's leg, was almost too much. But Char denied himself, knowing that Frank had made pretty clear that he didn't need to behave that way. Truth was he liked behaving that way with people who liked it, but it made Frank uncomfortable and Char found himself caring about that. Caring about how Frank would feel.

Char bit at his lower lip again, realising that pretty much all the ways he flirted, or even just communicated, with alphas might not be things Frank liked. He wasn't even sure he cared either way himself, he had just always done them.

He let out a breath, not realising it had been held in his tight chest, thinking again on how he really didn't have an idea how to be with an alpha outside of a sexual situation.

Frank looked at him, his expression showing his curiosity. But rather than admit what he was thinking about, Char said quickly.

"The weather is good today."

Frank frowned but then nodded. Which Char took as his agreement as they lapsed back into complete silence until their lunch was set before them.

At that, Char started to comment on the food until he realised he was pretty much just describing in detail everything on his plate. The frown on Frank's face was now deep set and Char wanted to say something to make it all better, he just had no idea what.

And it seemed he wasn't going to get the chance to work it out.

The restaurant had been fairly quiet, a few older couples over the far end, but now some more people arrived and two older women were sat fairly close to them. Char hadn't really noticed them at first, not until he realised that Frank had and how uncomfortable he looked.

Char looked over and could see that despite their hushed tones, the women weren't even attempting to hide the fact that they were gossiping about them. Looking mostly at Frank,

looking him up and down, but glancing at Char now and then and he was sure he knew exactly what they were saying. And he was even more sure that Frank knew too.

They had to be commenting on Frank's appearance, on what an alpha such as he had had to do in order to court the favour of an attractive young omega.

It was something Char had thought about since that first night, and knew that he would never care about such reactions. But he hadn't thought further as to how he would actually handle them. He might have liked to think he would confront the people in such a situation. And he wanted to. But they were old ladies and he didn't want to make a scene in the restaurant that might draw even more attention. He had mostly considered it would be assholes in the street, perhaps other alphas.

"I, uh…" Char started, wanting to make conversation to distract them both from the women whose words were now loud enough that the odd word could be heard. None of them pleasant. Each one snagged Char's attention and he reddened as he stuttered to get any words out.

Frank looked calm, a cool sort of annoyed. Like this was nothing new to him, as it clearly wasn't. Even so, it looked like it was bothering him, and Char realised he was likely more bothered by the fact that Char was being dragged into it than for himself.

Frank cleared his throat and jotted something on his pad before passing it across. It was a subtle move but not missed by the gossips who wondered about it aloud. Char felt all the worse for not having learned more than a few signs so far.

~It's okay. If you don't want to be here I understand. We all make decisions in the heat of the moment.

Char blinked at the words, wanting to assume he'd misread them as he read them over twice more. He hated that he might have given the impression he didn't want to be there just because he was awkward and unaccustomed to dating.

"No, I-" Char started as he reached his hand across the table, aiming to take Frank's hand but knocking over his water glass instead.

The water sloshed over the table and the glass rolled off the edge and smashed onto the floor.

All eyes in the place turned to them and Char felt his cheeks heat and his eyes sting with tears. He had wanted this to go so well and now he was making a fool out of himself and dragging Frank down with him.

He was just thankful they'd finished their food, considering how much had landed in Frank's plate. A member of the wait staff was there quickly, picking up the glass and mopping up the water.

"Would you like more water?" He asked pleasantly, "Or the bill?" The last Char was sure he added after seeing their faces. He knew he himself looked a little distraught and Frank was

trying his best not to look pained. All the while the women's voices were carrying all the more as they made comment on the mismatched pair - beauty and the beast.

The words cut through Char and he looked sharply over at the women.

"Do you mind?" Char couldn't hold in the indignant words, which only resulted in the women puffing themselves up and muttering about the rudeness of the youth of today.

Char looked back to see Frank making the universal action for cheque please and the waiter nodded before disappearing.

When Frank paid, Char wanted to protest and pay at least his half. But he was already so mortified by the attention in the restaurant that he couldn't bring himself to say anything there and then. So he waited until they were out of the restaurant and back in the foyer.

Frank stopped them next to the giftshop and showed his pad again, pointing at the same message.

Char frowned, trying to think of how to reply. Because his first thought was to throw himself at the alpha, which would have worked with anyone else as a way to get his point across. Instead he whimpered and stepped back, trying to give enough space as to not seem overly physical.

He let out a yelp as he stepped back into what turned out to be a book stand for the shop, knocking all the books over and drawing the attention from the few people nearby.

Char's cheeks heated and he wished the ground would swallow him up. Frank was likely wondering what the hell he'd got himself into with this stupid omega who made a scene and was only good for sex.

It was a hard thought to process and Char felt his stomach drop at the idea that Frank might ever think that.

They picked up the books together, Char apologising profusely to the server as they did. With the last few books piled back up, Frank placed his hand over Char's and gave him a look that Char found hard to read. Perhaps sympathy or concern?

"I… need the bathroom." Char forced out the words and then slipped his hand back from Frank's and made a dash for the bathroom across the foyer.

*

Char felt like an idiot.

He must have been in the bathroom at least ten minutes. At first composing himself in one of the stalls, hoping not to cry. And then splashing water on his face trying not to look like he'd been trying not to cry.

He was studying himself in the mirror and wondering how much worse things could get when his phone beeped with a message from Frank.

~We can leave if you like. Or I can. It's okay if this doesn't work out. Just let me know what you want to do.

~I want you to kiss me

Char sent the message then held his breath. He didn't want to make Frank uncomfortable, but there was a level that they had already connected on at Halloween, and Char very much wanted to renew that connection. And not strictly the sex, but the intimacy. The way they had come to know each other deeply in a few short hours. And at this point it really couldn't get any worse, or draw any more attention, than he already had.

~Here?

The reply came back fast and Char made his way out of the bathroom as he replied.

~We had a connection before and now it feels awkward. I don't date, I don't know how to. I don't know what to say. Just kiss me and hold my hand. We don't need words.

Char's heart was thumping as he replied back. He didn't want to diminish Frank or anything about him, this wasn't about being able to talk or not. This was about connecting, and speech wasn't required for that. Something that Char felt keenly as he sent messages he knew he didn't have the nerve to say out loud, rather uncharacteristically.

~Where are you?

The reply came almost immediately and Char took a breath before heading out into the corridor back to the foyer. He could see Frank at the end, in the gallery, and strode to meet him. They both looked sheepishly at each other, as though this whole thing was a little ridiculous. Which perhaps it was.

"I'm-" Char started, about to apologise for his cowardice in sending the messages instead of talking. And everything that had come before that. Everything he had done to once more give Frank reason to steer completely clear of him. Or give him the impression he wasn't interested. Or both.

But he was cut off as Frank stepped into his space, took him into his arms and kissed him deeply. Char was stunned for a moment, before reaching his arms around the alpha's neck and whimpering into his mouth.

He didn't want the kiss to end, and had he a choice, maybe it wouldn't have. But Frank was much more reserved than he was, and likely skirting the boundaries of his own comfort in order to somewhat meet Char in the middle.

So Char didn't resist as Frank pulled back, placing another light kiss on his lips before setting Char back onto his feet and taking his hand.

Char couldn't help his grin, the satisfaction he felt at Frank's hand in his as they started to stroll through the gallery. He wasn't ignorant of the few times Frank glanced at him, the

smile that lit his face as though surprised each time to see Char there. A mirror of Char's feelings too.

*

They walked in silence for the rest of the afternoon, Frank pointing out displays and Char feeling that he understood Frank's interest in them. They stood quietly reading the information boards, the historical facts and figures.

It was pleasant. A strange sort of pleasure in not being expected to talk, not having to entertain, as was often Char's way. He didn't hate it, in fact he'd always enjoyed it - enough not to consider alternatives. But with Frank it was different, a different pleasure but a deep one nonetheless. No expectation, no conditions. Char didn't have to perform for Frank, as he realised he had been doing for much of his life. Certainly it was one of the things that had made him a popular omega. Being with Frank made him realise a worth in himself he hadn't considered before.

There were no words from Char at all until they reached the ballroom. There he couldn't help but gasp at the portrait that hung next to the displayed costumes. Fine omega and alpha masquerade outfits and masks.

"Look at that!" His gasp turned to a giggle that he couldn't quite suppress. "Oh wow!"

Knowing Frank wouldn't verablise his reaction, Char turned to look at him so he didn't miss the widening of the eyes and blush over his cheeks. It made Char want to kiss him again.

He couldn't help another chuckle as Frank scrubbed a hand roughly over his face and blinked.

"That must be William Lecter." Char ensconced himself at Frank's side as they studied the portrait of the alpha and omega who had once owned this home. They were dressed formally but even so the similarity between the omega in the painting and Char's halloween look was pretty uncanny. He knew they were distantly related, if his uncle was to be believed, but this felt like proof enough.

Char bit at his lower lip as he took in the painting, studying the alpha for a moment before declaring, "I don't think much of his choice of mate."

He felt Frank look down at him, so turned enough to meet his gaze, the look there stole his breath.

"He's at a disadvantage though…" Char started, his voice quiet and breathless. "I'm only interested in one alpha nowadays."

Char almost whimpered at the low purr in Frank's chest before purring back.

*

It had taken them too long to get home, as far as Char was concerned.

He hadn’t even bothered to check whether Ella was home, just dragged Frank through their fairly comfortable apartment and into his bedroom. Char took a deep breath as he closed the bedroom door, before turning to the alpha.

“I don’t want… I never intended… I just…” Char tried to find the words as Frank studied him intently. “I don’t want it to seem like my attraction to you is purely physical, we don’t have to… do anything. I like you, a lot. And when I like someone and find them attractive…” Char waved his hand as though to continue his thought.

Frank nodded, his lopsided smile showing his predatory teeth.

He closed the space between them and Frank placed a hand on him, above the very slight swell of his omegan chest but below his collarbone, near as damn it to his heart. He placed his other hand the same place on his own chest and let out a sigh which Char couldn’t help but return.

“Exactly.” Char replied. A connection.

Frank didn’t move his hands as he leaned tentatively forward and stole tiny kisses from Char’s lips, as though sipping at them. Drinking a nectar that existed only for them.

Char parted his lips on a moan and Frank surged forward, moving his hands only to wrap his arms around Char and continue a more passionate version of the kiss they had shared in the gallery.

“Alpha,” Char whimpered against Frank’s mouth and that was enough for Frank to put him on his back on the bed.

“Seeing those costumes… the portrait, it reminded me of Halloween. Made me remember how good you feel inside me.” Char breathed the words against Frank’s mouth and then swallowed the alpha’s moan.

The kissing resumed for a moment before Frank’s lips found his throat and it was Char’s turn to moan as he laid out biting, sucking kisses. Marking Char, even if temporarily, and stimulating his scent glands until thick pheromones filled the air around them. It was one of the things Char had enjoyed the most about their night together. The sense of possessiveness juxtaposed with Frank's clear belief that he never could own Char.

Perhaps it spoke of the war inside the alpha between where he was raised and where he now lived. He was sure it would almost be easier for Frank to avoid omegas, which perhaps had been his intention before meeting Char.

Char whined and parted his legs, letting Frank fall heavily between them as they ground together.

"Please alpha…" Char moaned and found he meant the words in a way he rarely did. Often when he was with alpha's he behaved in a way he knew they would both enjoy. But never with Frank. He'd never needed to, because this behaviour came naturally with this alpha. And it gave him greater pleasure than he'd ever known with any other alpha.

So few words between them and yet Char was quickly realising he wasn't sure he could be without this man.

Another moan and Frank moved back, pulling down Char's trousers and underwear until he was moving off the bed to pull them off completely. Char shuddered under the alpha's touch, slick starting to coat his inner thighs. He was panting as Frank stopped to look down at him a moment, a clear want in his eye before he began to remove his own clothes. He made short work of them, seeming a little self-conscious, though not as much as last time. Char wanted to protest how perfect he was and to not even think about the scars he bore, but decided it was best in that moment not to mention them at all, for fear of Frank retreating within himself.

Instead he reached his arms out and Frank came back to him, settling between his legs and kissing him deeply as he rut his hard length against Char's wet sex, his own smaller cock curved up to his belly.

Frank was almost aggressive in breaking the kiss with a growl, to move further down. He pushed up the flowy material of Char's shirt until his chest was exposed. It was a little fuller than last time they had slept together, as his heat wasn't far off. More tender too.

He couldn't help letting out a trembling sigh as Frank lowered himself and ran his flat tongue over Char's right nipple. And all Char could think of was how amazing it would feel to share his heat with this alpha. The thought made his thighs tighten around Frank, enough to make the alpha grunt before sucking Char’s nipple into his mouth.

Char let out a whimper as Frank continued to suck and nuzzle at him, his other hand coming up to play light fingers over Char’s left nipple.

“Alpha…” Char whined, feeling the slick practically gushing from him.

Frank moved enough to begin to rut against him, his hard dick sliding over Char’s slick entrance and the base of his own cock. The sensation had him rolling his eyes in pleasure. Between that and the attention to his nipples, Char was starting to seriously consider that he might come there and then.

He started to shudder as his climax drew knew.

But then it was gone again as Frank stopped and pulled back, looking down between them as he slowly moved forward. They both groaned as Char watched the blissed expression on the alpha’s face as he slid into him.

Char was trembling as he wrapped his legs around Frank, rocking with the gentle motions that the alpha started, as though just warming up. But it was bliss. Char went pliant as Frank slowly pumped his hips back and forth. The friction inside was perfect, Frank hitting every sensitive part of him until Char was a whimpering mess.

“Please alpha…” Char’s tone was almost begging as he wanted for more. “Knot me.”

Frank growled and kissed him as he began to rock into the omega harder and faster, his whole body moving as he worked up to a rhythm that had them moving ever so slightly up the bed on each thrust. Each thrust allowing Frank's growing knot to press against him.

"Yes, there… Fuck…" Char cried out, breaking the kiss as Frank hit his sweet spot, over and over.

Frank wrapped his arms around Char, holding him tight beneath him as he pounded into the omega. Char whimpered and cried, each sound one of pleasure. Only heightened when Frank's mouth found his neck once more and began to nuzzle and nip at his scent gland. Where he would need to bite to make this a permanent bond between them.

A thought that in the past would have made Char laugh dismissively at an alpha, now seemed a real possibility. A real desire.

Frank broke his nuzzling to huff breaths next to Char's neck. Char could practically feel him holding back from sinking his teeth in and he almost didn't want him to stop. Or at the least, could imagine a time in the future when neither of them would hold back.

"Frank…" Char gasped his name, loving the way it sounded in his mouth.

Frank grunted against his flesh, his hips slowing slightly before he finally pushed his knot into Char's slick heat.

The alpha pushed deep, locking inside Char immediately and coming hard.

"Oh god," Char trembled and clenched around Frank's pulsing cock, his knot pressing against Char's most pleasurable part.

Char practically convulsed as he came, moaning and feeling the sting of tears in the corner of his eyes.

"I'd wear a collar for you if you wanted me to," Char admitted through his pleasure, feeling his body tighten in every way as Frank continued to come deep within him. It felt so good it had Char crying out and clenching around the knot as the alpha groaned at his words and resumed nipping little bites at Char's throat.

*

Char woke with his face pressed to Frank's chest and sighed into the hair there. He loved the feel of the alpha against him and took the opportunity to run his hands over the skin at his fingertips. He could feel each of the scars, and the ever so slight raised feeling of the tattoos. Every single mark making Frank no less beautiful to him.

Frank stirred and placed a strong hand on top of Char's stilling him. Not a tight grip, but one with clear intent to stop Char in his actions.

"I love your body, every bit of it." Char said, pressing kisses to Frank's chest. Frank's fingers loosened a little, holding Char's hand now rather than restricting it.

"We did it again," Char chuckled between kisses. "Instead of getting to know each other we ended up… well I guess getting to know each other in other ways."

Frank gave an amused huff, his eye closed again as he enjoyed Char's tender attentions.

"It isn't…" Char started, unsure how to not say this wrong. "It's not because you can't speak. I hope that's been clear. I know I've said it before. I'm… I'm interested in everything you have to say… um, write. But, this happened again because… I want you. In a way that I've never before wanted an alpha. I want you to be *my* alpha. I want to spend my next heat with you."

Frank opened his eyes then and moved a hand up to Char's face, stroking a curl back from his forehead. He knew what that meant to the alpha, how sacred and private his people held heats. What it meant to want to share one.

"I meant what I said, about the collar. About being yours, if you want me. However you want me." Char could feel his cheeks burning as he voiced his innermost thoughts.

He let his eyes flutter shut as Frank's hand moved down to stroke his cheek. Char released a shaky breath as the alpha drew him in for a gentle kiss, little more than a press of their lips.

Char pulled back with a wide smile, taking that as the alpha's agreement, and finding Frank grinning at him like the cat that got the cream.

"We have all the time we want to talk, or um… you know what I mean. And get to know each other. I just like being with you, in your company. Whether that be here, or at your frat house. Or on super awkward dates-"

Frank gave an amused snort.

"But I'm totally cool if this keeps happening too." Char grinned.

Frank growled deep in his throat, a rumble of agreement pulling Char tight to him again to suck another love bite into his neck. Char groaned, never wanting the feeling to end.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!